

The Space-Time Condition

by Delta1347

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Summary: When a UNSC ship accidentally activates an ancient Forerunner device, it causes an event that will change three universes forever. Halo/Star Wars/ME crossover. Post Halo 4, Post Bakura (SW Expanded universe, a few days after Endor), during ME3. My first Fanfic, so reviews and suggestions are appreciated.

1. Chapter 1: Activation

OK! Finally got this finished. I've been trying to write something like this for a while, right after I found this site. There are a lot of good Halo/ME and Halo/SW fanfics, but they never reallyâ€¦ did it for me. So, I started writing this and thought, "Hey, why not throw in Star Wars!" This is my first fanfic, so please leave reviews and suggestions so I can improve. Thank You!

****UNSC **_**Borealis**_**, Unknown object near Shield-world Requiem, 2558 (UNSC Standard)****

Captain James Anberthy looked out onto the strange, new Forerunner installation. After the fleet had returned to Requiem after the New Phoenix incident, they had detected an odd radiation reading orbiting around a gas giant close to the Shield World. His Marathon-class cruiser, the Borealis, had been dispatched to investigate the disturbance. It was the most natural choice, given that it was one of the only two Marathons assigned to the fleet, and this one had been upgraded with a plethora of Oranger Mini-MACs along its flanks, hidden in recessed ports. This gave the ship a significant advantage to other UNSC ships, as it could unleash a deadly broadside instead of relying solely on one heavy, but coaxially mounted MAC. The Borealis was also the only other ship in the fleet to have its own contingent of Spartans - Apex squad. The Captain had a talk with Laskey, an old friend of his from the Human/Covenant war, about the upgrades, and Laskey had requisitioned them for the him under the pretense that they were to replace weapons damaged during the Second Battle of Earth, and to promote inter-service cooperation between the

Spartan branch and the other branches of the UNSC. Anberthy smiled at the memory. As much as he prided himself in being an honest, fair captain, he enjoyed subterfuge. He put his memories aside as the object they had been sent to investigate came into view. The structure appeared like two pyramids stuck together, with the standard random-looking seems criss-crossing its silvery, high-tech surface. Anberthy turned to a waist-high pillar standing next to him. A light flickered, and the image of a twenty-first century female naval officer appeared on top of the pedestal. Her hair was cut short, and alert, intelligent eyes looked at Anberthy with an appreciative and somewhat embarrassed gaze. He cracked a smile. "Nice of you to join us, Adrian. What were you doing down there?"

The AI's avatar blushed, but tried to cover it. "I was analyzing Forerunner artifacts recovered from Requiem." Anberthy smiled wider. "And you lost track of time again, didn't you?" The miniature figure blushed even fiercer and her head bowed down in defeat. "... Yea, I lost track of time again."

The captain laughed. "Well, while you were analyzing the trinkets we got from Requiem, I got you a present. It's right off the bow." Adrian's avatar grew brighter and a wide smile crossed her face. "Wow, you really found a nice one! Give me a minute to get into it's systems."

Anberthy kept the smile on his face. Adrian was an... eccentric AI, often delving so deeply into a task she tuned out all others, but he knew that unlike other AI, she wasn't in danger of rampancy. The Gen-7 smart AIs had their essential systems on a continuous run-cycle, allowing them to devote all their time to their tasks. In addition, they had the ability to selectively delete data and construct neural pathways without them being forced to connect them, enabling the AI to remain operational for longer. Adrian's propensity to lose track of time was just a residual effect of the woman she was based on. His smile turned sad. That woman had been his sister. She had died during the Second Battle of Earth, killed by a Brute's blade. She had always wanted to have an AI made from her brain when she died, but both of them had always assumed that it would be a long time before she got her wish. He shook the thought off as he noticed a strange energy surge across the Forerunner structure. He turned to the pedestal as Adrian's avatar appeared on top of it. "What's going on with the structure? What is it doing?"

Adrian's avatar looked slightly panicked. "I don't know! I hit an odd programing block on the way in, and while I was trying to clear it, this started happening!" Anberthy turned as gold-tinged lightning started playing across the surface. As he watched, a glow appeared around the Infinity, hundreds of kilometres away...

****UNSC **_**Infinity**_**, Orbit around Shield-world Requiem, 2558 (UNSC Standard)****

Captain Thomas Laskey stood over the holotable on the bridge of the Infinity, half-watching as the Spartans moved on the Storm base where Halsey was being held. He was frantically searching his mind for a regulation that he could use to prevent the Spartans from killing Halsey without having Admiral Osman haul them all before a tribunal and convict them of treason. She was a monster, to be sure, but her outburst upon finding out that John-117 was alive... he believed that she truly regretted her actions during the SPARTAN II

project, and that she was trying to make up for it. Her eyes, dulled and possessing an internal, desperate fire, looked as though they had seen a lot of pain. He shook off the thought. This shouldn't be an emotional decision. She was the UNSC's foremost expert on the Forerunners, and the crew of the Infinity was currently in a battle with the last member of that species. It was only logical to keep her on board until the current operation was over.

He brought his thoughts back to the real world, and turned to his comm officer.

His thoughts were again disturbed by a sudden cry. One of the bridge crew was frantically yelling from her station. "Massive energy spike around the ground team! Repeat, massive energy spike around the ground team! It's unlike anything I've seen!"

Another crewmember shouted across the bridge. "I've got a similar reading around the ship! What the hell is this?!"

Laskey quickly shifted the holotable to the charts the bridge crew were looking at. Two massive, identical mountains shot up, quickly exiting the holotable's projection range. Well, this was a problem. He glanced out the window as he noticed a strange glow. A massive amount of golden energy swirled outside the viewport, moving faster than his eyes could track. Suddenly, the motes of light grew brighter and spun faster, forcing Laskey to shield his eyes as it filled the bridge...

****SSV **_**Normandy SR-2**_**, Near Tuchanka, 2186 (Earth Standard)****

Shepard stood in the conference room, just down the hallway from the CIC and the War Room, looking out at the stars. He liked to do this during his free time, just forget about everything that was happening. It looked peaceful out there. Unfortunately for him, that peace brought back the realization that the very galaxy he was looking at was at war. The Reapers had attacked Earth, razing Vancouver and savaging the System Alliance fleet. Soon after, they had attacked the other council races, attacking Palaven and threatening Thessia and Sur'Kesh. On top of that, the Humanity-first terrorist organization Cerberus had decided now was a good time to start taking territory for themselves, doing everything possible to disrupt Shepard's attempts to unite the disparate races of the Galaxy together to face the Reaper threat. If they didn't get help soon, the fight might be lost.

Joker came over the intercom, bringing Shepard back into the real world. "Commander, We're coming up on Tuchanka, but I'm picking up some odd energy readings from around Vault. They don't appear to be Reaper, but it might be worth checking out."

Shepard turned to a camera watching the room. "Go ahead. I'll get Wrex and meet you on the bridge. It's his system, so he'll probably want to see what this is also." He felt a slight quiver as the ship turned away from Tuchanka and towards the distant gas giant. Shepard walked back into the War Room to collect Wrex. Within ten minutes, the Normandy was in a stable orbit around the gas-giant Vault and was cautiously approaching the odd energy reading with the stealth drive engaged, and Shepard and Wrex had reached the bridge. Wrex was less than happy about their manner of approach.

"Whatever it is, it's trespassing on MY system. We should just shoot the damn thing and get it over with."

Shepard rolled his eyes. "If it is hostile, I'd rather get the drop on it. An enemy can't hit you if it can't see you. Besides, the signal matches nothing the Reapers, Geth, or Cerberus ever produced. If it's friendly, I'd rather not start off a first contact by shooting the newcomer."

Joker turned before Wrex could respond. "We're coming up to close-in scanner range now... Holy shit. That's a space station!"

EDI took the opportunity to chime in. "The object's composition and energy signature do not match any known structure. I believe we are dealing with the construct of an unknown species."

Shepard nodded. The structure was now coming into view of the _Normandy_'s windows, and it became pretty obvious that it wasn't made by any known race. The station was shaped like two pyramids placed end-to-end, with what appeared to be random channels criss-crossing its surface. As Shepard watched, the channels started to glow red-orange. The glow grew brighter as arcs of gold-colored lightning started flowing across the surface.

EDI's robotic body began quickly shifting around windows on her console. "Power and radiation readings from the object are increasing."

As the glow continued to intensify, and the electricity became more frenzied, a few motes of light began flying around the viewports. As the light grew more intense, alarms started blaring around the ship, sending crew members into a panic. The glow continued to brighten until it filled the cabin...

****Imperial Star Destroyer **_**Devastation**_**, Aramantari system, 4 ABY****

The captain of the _Devastation _strode down to the viewport to get a better view of the battle that raged outside. Several Rebel corvettes and one oddly-shaped cruiser had engaged his fleet. Big mistake. Though the Emperor had died, the Imperial Starfleet was still a force to be reckoned with, and he still felt supremely confident in the Empire's chances against the Rebellion. As soon as a new Emperor was crowned, the whole business would be brought to a close. He allowed himself a small smile at that. He motioned to his tactical officer to send the battlegroup in for the killing blow. "Let's finish off their pathetic fleet."

His sensor officer turned towards him and shouted across the crew deck. "Sir, I've got a new contact! The profile is odd, though. It's shifting around a lot, like it's phasing in and out of hyperspace."

The Captain dismissed that with a wave of his hand. "It's most likely the sensor array malfunctioning again. Whatever reinforcements the Rebels have brought in, we'll deal with. Plot an intercept course for the contact. These scum will face the full force of the Empire!"

2. Chapter 2: Contact

Hello, everyone! Welcome back to The Space-Time Condition! I would like to apologize to everyone for that horrible opening blurb last time. I would also like to thank everyone who posted reviews. It made me a nervous wreck when writing this, but thanks. Your input was much appreciated. I'm going to try to update this at least once a week from now on, so don't expect such fast follow-ups in the future. We now return to the story, where the Infinity and Normandy have just arrived who-knows-whereâ€|

Also, do not own anything but OCs.

****UNSC **_**Infinity**_**, Unknown Location, Unknown Time****

The light began to fade, and Laskey finally was able to uncover his eyes. The metallic surface of Requiem was nowhere to be seen. Instead, a verdant garden world floated serenely in space. Suddenly, he heard something rather heavy landing on the deck-plates behind him. Turning, he discovered fire-team Majestic, Commander Palmer, and Doctor Halsey getting shakily up from the ground. Halsey, surprisingly, was the first to get up.

"Thank you for the rescue, Captain. It was rather timely. I had just retrieved two rather significant Forerunner artifacts." She looked closer at his face. "Although, now I'm not entirely sure that was your doing." Laskey looked at Halsey inquisitively. "You thought we did that?" Halsey gave a curious look. "Why, yes, I did. The experience was similar to how John and Cortana described Forerunner teleportation, and I was sure that there were samples of the technology in Onyx."

Laskey was about to reply when the sensor officer shouted again. "Sir, we have an unidentified ship moving in... Sir! It's locked weapons on us!" Laskey turned and began frantically shouting direction. "Sound General Quarters! Bring shields online and start spinning up the MACs! All nonessential personnel, get off of the bridge! Battle stations!"

Red warning lights started flashing as a quick burst of static appeared outside of the viewport, signaling the activation of Infinity's shields. The strange, triangular ship fired a fusillade of what appeared to be an upscale version of the Covenant's plasma weapons. The odd bursts of energy impacted the shields, causing a golden shimmer to appear just in front of the blasts.

Halsey, who had been hanging on to the bulkhead frame, spoke up. "That appeared to be a package of superheated plasma, similar to Covenant weapons, but much more powerful. Interesting."

Laskey, annoyed, interjected. "Let's save the science for after we've dealt with the people shooting at us? What's the status of our shields? Weapons, give me a report!"

A voice rose from the engineering. "Whatever those blasts were, they took out almost twenty-five percent of our shields! Those things are powerful!"

The weapon officer turned back to his console, and started flicking

through windows. "We have the Magnetic Accelerator Cannons charging up. Autocannons and Archers are standing by, though we'll have to boot up the Archer's guidance systems before we can use them and the MACs are taking a while to charge."

Laskey closed his eyes, weighing his options for a few seconds. He then looked back up at the weapons officer "Activate the autocannons and start booting up Archer pods D-1 through D-5, then target the hostile. Divert seventy six percent of power from the engines and split it between the shields and the MACs."

The weapons and engineering officers nodded and started typing on their consoles. All along the hull, small turrets extended from recessed ports and began blasting away at the unknown ship.

****SSV**_** Normandy SR-2**_**, Unknown Space, Unknown Time****

The light dissipated and the alarms finally stopped whining. Shepard uncovered his eyes, and looked out into space. It took him a few seconds to realize that they were no longer around Vault. Looking around, he saw a verdant green world below. As he examined the planet, he noticed flashes further around the orbit. He focused on those, looking for a pattern. After a few seconds of random flashes, Shepard finally gave up and turned around. "EDI, there are some strange flashes in orbit. Mind doing a sensor focus?"

EDI pressed a few buttons on her console, and then flicked the window onto the main screen. "There appears to be a battle going on. Combatants are using a form of high-energy plasma in their weapon systems. I am not detecting any Element Zero anywhere in their ships. Standby... I just detected a radiation spike consistent with what I detected during our encounter with the unknown object. The spike is occurring within visual range." A holographic circle appeared over the portside viewport, highlighting a far-away tangle of arcing gold electricity. As Shepard and the rest of the people on the bridge watched, a massive silhouette appeared in the field of energy. As they continued to look on in awe, the silhouette solidified into an immense ship. As the gold lightning disappeared, a smaller, more reserved, blue version of it played across its surface. Shepard suddenly noticed a triangle of lights moving from the main group and moving towards the new ship. He was in awe as he noticed that whatever the triangular shaped thing was, it was huge. The massive white triangle-thing opened fire on the massive, gunmetal gray vessel with blasts of green energy. A slight shimmer appeared around the large ship, then a crash as another wave of lightning played out across the hull. Explosions ripped through the bow, although it didn't appear to Shepard as though there was much, if any damage done to the ship. The smaller aggressor swooped in like a hawk, blasting away. The large ship apparently decided that it should probably fight back, and began a massive fusillade of projectiles. A red-tinged shimmer appeared around the outside of the triangle, blocking the some of the blasts as the rest impacted its white surface. The aggressor continued firing with a vengeance, and holes started appearing in the larger ship's barrier. Shepard watched with a growing anxiety, before turning to EDI's body.

"The big ship... are you sure that the radiation we detected was the same as the unknown object's?"

>EDI responded without turning from her console. "Affirmative. The

radiation was consistent with what I detected when the odd light began fading."<p>

Shepard stood there, staring out at the battle, deep in thought. Joker suddenly turned away from his console, with a worried look on his face.

"Shepard... the triangle ship just launched a swarm of what looks like some kind of fighter... and they're heading this way..."

Shepard looked out at the large triangle ship, looking for the smaller ships. "How close will they get?"

EDI's head turned and looked at Shepard. "Projected course will take them within seven point three-four meters of the _Normandy _in approximately two minutes."

Shepard looked further, noticing a large formation of blue lights approaching the ship. "Ready the CBTs for activation. Don't know how effective they'll be if the small ships have energy weapons like their big ship, but we have to have something. Start up the targeting programs. I'm hoping we'll not have to fight them, but judging by what happened to the big ship, I don't think we'll have a choice."

Wrex let out a short laugh. Shepard shook his head and continued to watch the blue lights as they began to get close enough to discern their shape, praying that they didn't fire. His prayers went unanswered, though, as just when he managed to discern that they were an H-shaped arrangement of solar panels around a central orb they fired on the _Normandy_ with green energy weapons. Joker immediately threw the ship into a spiraling climb, which the odd fighters matched expertly. As Joker threw the ship into more and more high-G twists and turns that would have torn apart a more fragile ship, the fighters remained on his tail with an ease that surprised everyone onboard. And through every maneuver, the fighter's fire drew ever closer to the ship...

****UNSC **_**Infinity**_**, Unknown Location, Unknown Time****

Alarms continued to blare across the bridge, as the unknown continued to pour fire into _Infinity_'s ever-weakening shields. Officers and Marines scrambled across the ship, trying to reach battle stations or damaged sections of the hull. Laskey shouted above the din, trying desperately to buy time for his guns to charge.

"Transfer all remaining power from engines to shields! Shut down all non-essential systems and transfer the power to the shields as well. Get all the power you can get your hands on into the shield generator!"

The sensor officer shouted up from his station. "Sir, enemy ship is launching single-ships!"

Laskey swore. "Dammit! Get the Broadswords in the air ASAP! We've got enough problems as it is!"

Suddenly the sensor officer jolted. "Sir, new contact! It just appeared in front of the enemy single-ships! They're moving to

engage... Damn! I've never seen a ship that size move like that!"

Laskey activated the holotable and brought up a tactical map of the battlespace. "Roland, show me what he's talking about."

The view immediately began racing far to the right of its original position, suddenly focusing on a small ship. It was larger than the ships chasing it, but still pretty small by UNSC standards. However, whatever it was flying like it was a high-performance fighter. Laskey was impressed. He pointed over to his tactical officer.

"Launch all Broadswords! Vector them onto the hostile fighters! Roland, get me a com-channel to that ship, now!"

****SSV**_** Normandy SR-2**_**, Unknown Space, Unknown Time****

Joker continued to move the ship through impossible maneuver after impossible maneuver. Despite the artificial gravity and the acceleration dampeners, Shepard was starting to feel the G-forces associated with these high-speed maneuvers. Suddenly, EDI spoke up, surprise evident in her synthesized voice.

"An unknown program is attempting to access systems on the ship. It has already bypassed several of my firewalls. Attempting to isolate..."

Shepard winced as the ship made an incredibly high-speed turn to port.

"Just what we need right now. More problems!"

A crackle came over the intercom. As Shepard turned to ask EDI what was going on, a voice came over the speaker.

"This is Thomas Laskey, captain of the UNSC warship Infinity. Hold tight, we're sending support your way."

Several ships shaped like old-fashioned in-atmosphere fighters flashed past the windows, firing at the H-shaped fighters before Shepard could even begin to wonder how this unknown Captain could speak English and why he had such a human-sounding name. A new voice came over the intercom.

"This is Roland, Infinity's AI. I'm sending your ship's computer our targeting vectors. Steer clear, we're going to set off some fireworks."

Holographic lines appeared over the view screen. Shepard looked on, wondering what exactly these strangers were going to do.

****UNSC **_**Infinity**_**, Unknown Location, Unknown Time****

"The MAC is finally charged?" Laskey was amazed. The damn thing had taken so long, he wasn't sure that it would ever be fully charged.

Roland's avatar nodded. "Engineering finally discovered why it was taking so long. One of the power cables had been cut, probably by an Elite when they boarded off of Requiem. It's been replaced, and the

number three cannon is fully charged."

Laskey positively beamed. "Let's get this over with then. Fire the MAC!"

A whirring sound filled the ship, followed by a massive bang as the number four Magnetic Accelerator Cannon fired at the enemy ship.

****Imperial Star Destroyer **_**Devastation**_**, Aramantari System, 4 ABY****

The Ship's captain was less than pleased. These Rebels were putting up much more of a fight than he had expected. What's worse, the main Rebel force had started breaking out and was savaging his picket ships! He clenched his fists in anger as he consoled himself in the knowledge that the enemy ship would soon be nothing but floating space junk over an uninhabited world. As he watched, a flash erupted from the front of the Rebel ship. His brain had barely had time to register that the enemy had just fired something when the ship's reactor exploded, incinerating the ship.

****UNSC **_**Infinity**_**, Unknown Location, Unknown Time****

A massive cheer went out through the ship's corridors as the enemy triangle-ship exploded in a massive blue fireball. Laskey sighed with relief, grateful that the lives of his crew had been spared. His sensor officer shouted up over the euphoria.

"Sir, and unidentified fleet is approaching! Energy profiles are consistent with that of the destroyed enemy ship!"

The shouting immediately died down as it dawned on the crew that they might be forced into another battle.

Laskey pointed at the weapons officer.

"Ready all remaining MACs to fire! Bring all weapons to bear, get a firing solution..."

Laskey was interrupted by his communication officer.

"I'm receiving an audio signal... Sir, they're hailing us! "

Laskey nodded. "Put it through."

A young, male, and undeniably human voice spoke up through the bridge speaker.

"Thanks for the assist. There was no way we could have beaten that Star Destroyer alone."

Laskey stepped forward and spoke up. "I'm Captain Thomas Laskey of the UNSC warship _Infinity_. Whom am I speaking to?"

The unknown voice spoke with confidence. "I'm Commander Luke Skywalker of the Alliance to Restore the Republic, in command of the Alliance cruiser _Sibwarra_. What in the name of the Force is the UNSC?"

Thanks for reading! As always, please point out any flaws you see in the story, grammar, etc. And please feel free to give me any input you want to, story wise. Thanks again!

3. Chapter 3: Meeting

Well, sorry this took so long. Life, unfortunately, conspired to keep me away from this. I would like to thank Space Trooper and Spectre Onyx for their help and suggestions. I would also like to apologize to everyone, as I just realized I have been spelling Lasky the wrong way for the entire story. Sorry about that. :(

****UNSC **_**Infinity**_**, Unknown Location, Unknown Time****

Lasky stepped forward and spoke up. "I'm Captain Thomas Lasky of the UNSC warship _Infinity_. Who am I speaking to?"

The unknown voice spoke with confidence. "I'm Commander Luke Skywalker of the Alliance to Restore the Republic, in command of the Alliance cruiser _Sibwarra_. What in the name of the Force is the UNSC?"

Lasky sighed. "I have a feeling that trying to explain what the UNSC is and what we've done will raise more questions than answers, and I'm sure that me asking about the 'Alliance' and 'Republic' will too. As such, I think it would be more prudent if I just show you. Do you have any shuttles on that ship?"

The voice on the other end of the comm answered much quicker than expected.

"We have a ship that might work. Are you asking us to come aboard?"

Lasky sighed again, telling himself in his head that this was necessary over and over again.

"I am. I have one question before you come, though. I don't think it'll be too hard. Is the small craft off of my ship's port side one of yours?"

The youthful voice at the other end returned, sounding rather confused.

"I thought it was with you..."

Lasky let out a faint smile, both happy to have been proven right and realizing that he would have to go through a similarly awkward conversation again.

"No, it isn't ours. I'll have my ship's AI coordinate with your ship's computer and give you a course for our primary hangar. I'll speak to you again once you get onboard."

He cut the commlink and turned to Roland's avatar, still hovering on the holotable.

"Get all sensitive materiel out of the main port-side hangar bay. Move it to one of the frigates. Then re-establish contact with that

smaller ship. I need to talk to the people inside."

****SSV**_** Normandy SR-2**_**, Unknown Space, Unknown Time****

Shepard watched the motley fleet with a mix of curiosity and concern. EDI's sensor readings indicated that they were equipped with the same weapons and ran on the same power source as the large, wedge-shaped ship that had launched the fighters. They were definitely not as clean-looking or as big, but cleanliness and size were not always good indicators of power. He scanned over the hulls of the ships, noting some had long, thin portions that would serve as a good point to target. He was so absorbed in his analysis that he almost didn't hear Joker calling his name.

"Shepard... Shepard! We have an incoming communication! It's coming from the large ship. Looks like they're asking nicely to talk this time instead of just taking over our comm systems."

Shepard gave a quick nod. "I'll take it in the War Room. Route it through the QEC projector if you can."

Joker nodded and began typing away on his console as Shepard walked briskly to the War Room. He rushed through the scanner, not waiting to be scanned as to not waste valuable time. The women at the scanner didn't bother stopping him. He walked quickly into the large, utilitarian room that acted as one of the main command centers of the galactic war against the Reapers. He walked past a projection of their last hope, the Crucible, and up a set of stairs to the QEC. As he stepped on the rounded pad that signified the picture and sound range for the projection, the QEC communicators cycled through in front of him, before stopping on one and glowing blue. A hologram materialized of a middle aged human male wearing what appeared to be a primitive form of light body armor, with a pauldron on his right arm. Both of his shoulders had identical pieces of armor on them, with a star in the center and four lines along the bottom. A black patch with a wire-mesh globe in the center and a laurel wreath on the bottom rested above his heart. His eyes somehow looked both bright and hopeful, yet pained and burdened at the same time. The man gave a weak smile.

"I'm going to take a wild guess and say you have no idea what the UNSC is."

Shepard simply nodded.

The man in the strange uniform sighed.

"Ok, well, as you've probably guessed, we're from... somewhere else. I have no idea where it is in relation to here, but as you've also probably guessed, it's definitely not close to the area we're in right now. I've set up a meeting with the person in charge of the nearby fleet, and as you're in the same situation as us, I thought I'd invite you. Do you have a shuttle?"

Shepard nodded again.

"Yes, we have a shuttle. Where do you want us to go?"

The man, who Shepard now guessed was the "Thomas Lasky" he heard over the comm, typed something off-screen.

"I'll have Dragon Flight escort you in. You'll be landing in the main hangar bay, same place as our... other guests. I look forward to meeting you in person..."

Shepard spoke up.

"Shepard. Commander Shepard, Systems Alliance Special Forces, Council Spectre."

Laskey nodded. The hologram de-materialized. Shepard turned around and walked back to the bridge. He walked up next to the galaxy map and keyed the intercom.

"Garrus, Tali, Liara, Ash, Wrex, Javik. Meet me at the shuttle bay. Cortez, warm the shuttle up, we have a meeting to get to."

****UNSC **_**Infinity**_**, Unknown Location, Unknown Time****

Lasky stood, staring out into space through the containment shield. The two unknown groups' shuttles were coming in, or at least that's what Roland had told him. Their ships were taking a lot longer to enter the bay than he had expected. He looked around the expansive hangar, looking at the large number of troops that lined the hangar in a show of force. He turned back to the hangar doors, and finally noticed growing specs in the distance. As the specs grew, Lasky finally gets a good look at the other groups' ships. One is a round saucer with two prongs jutting out the front end, with a cockpit jutting out the side and a large com dish on the top. The ship was covered with rust. The other ship was much smaller, and looked like a beetle to Lasky. It was blue with white highlights, and didn't appear to have a cockpit that he could see. Both landed within feet of each other, the saucer extending landing pads, and the blue one just landing on the deck. The saucer let down a ramp and a group of people walked out. At the head of the group was a brown-haired woman in a white, flowing gown. She appeared self-assured, yet also burdened by great sadness. Lasky suspected that she was the chief negotiator or ambassador for the group. Following her were two men, one with brown hair, one blonde. The brown-haired one wore a blue vest over a white shirt and blue trousers, with a weapon in a holster on his hip. His eyes were constantly scanning the room, searching for either weaknesses or an escape route, Lasky wasn't sure. The blonde man exuded confidence. He wore a black tunic, with a black set of trousers and one black glove. The only thing that didn't fit with the black motif was a lone silver tube attached to his hip. Lasky thought it might be some sort of status symbol. The remaining three beings in the group were odd.

Two were obviously mechanical. One was a golden humanoid, which held itself like a butler to an important billionaire. The other robot looked to Lasky like a trash can on wheels. The final member of the group looked like a humanoid bear, which let out a low growl. Lasky made a mental note to ask about it.

it was at this point that the door to the other shuttle opened. The man Lasky had talked to earlier, Shepard, was the first one out, followed by a human female in blue body armor. She was followed by a blue, female, human-looking alien in a white... coat-thing with armored boots. The blue alien looked around the hangar with fascination. After this woman came another alien. This one looked a

bit like the Sangheili, with two mandibles on the outside of its mouth and backward-bent knees. The similarities ended there, however, as he hands only had three fingers and the skin seemed to be similar to a carapace. The Elite-thing was followed by what appeared to be a dinosaur in armor. The dinosaur gave a short grunt at the massive number of troops around the hangar. The dino was followed by a woman in what appeared to be an environmental suit, with similar hands and feet to the Elite-thing. It was followed by a strange, four eyed creature with natural armor at the top of it's head. Lasky swore he could hear the thing mumble, "look at all the primitives" before being shushed by Shepard. The two groups began walking towards him.

Lasky gestured and two Spartans formed up behind him. He took a deep breath and walked towards the two groups catching them about halfway between their ships and the hatch to the rest of the ship. He stood with his hands behind his back, and spoke up.

"My name is Captain Thomas Lasky of the UNSC. Welcome aboard the _Infinity_."

He held out his hand politely to the woman. She took it and shook it lightly, and then spoke.

"I must say it is an impressive ship, Captain."

Lasky smiled.

"She's one of the most powerful ships in our fleet. I'm glad you like her..."

The woman smiled.

"My name is Leia Organa." She turned and gestured to the group behind her, starting with the man with brown hair. "This is Han Solo, Luke Skywalker," the young blond haired man bowed, "C-3P0, R2D2, and Han's co-pilot, Chewbacca." The man-bear let out a soft growl at that.

Lasky smiled and turned to Shepard.

"It's good to see you in person, Commander. May I ask who your companions are?"

Shepard smiled. "This is Lieutenant Colonel Ashley Williams. This is Liara, Garrus, Wrex, Tali, and Javik. They're human, Asari, Turian, Krogan, Quarian, and Prothean, respectively."

Lasky smiled, and waved up Commander Palmer.

"This is the commander of all Sp... special operations troops abroad, Commander Palmer."

Palmer raised her eyebrow and gave a small smirk.

"Well, most of them."

Luke spoke up.

"If you don't mind, I have a question. What do you mean by 'most of

them'?"

Lasky smiled.

"I'll tell you about it later."

Lasky directed a smirk at Palmer, who rolled her eyes. Lasky then gestured to the door.

"Ladies, gentlemen, let's get this started, shall we?"

The group followed him down the hallway, and into the bowels of the _Infinity_.

"**UNSC" Ship, Adamantari System, 4ABY**

Luke walked down the gray, metal hallway. The insides of the ship looked like an odd blend of a museum exhibit and the most advanced Imperial warships. He noticed several old-fashioned terminals next to circuitry he didn't understand. His guide, apparently the ship's captain, was going back and forth between explaining parts of the ship to the group and talking to the ship's computer. As Luke looked around, he saw a number of burn marks and holes in the wall, suggesting some sort of fight. He decided to ask the captain of the ship, hoping that he would find out what enemy had managed to break through the ship's defenses.

"Excuse me, but what are these burn marks? Looks like there was a fight here."

The captain gave a weary smile. "A group of alien terrorists called the Covenant Remnant or "Storm Covenant" boarded on our last mission. Disabled some of our defences and landed. We fought them off, and just haven't had the time to replace the wall panels yet."

The group continued until the captain suddenly stopped at an intersection, nodded, and then pointed the group down the new hallway.

"Before we go to the Combat Deck and the conference room, Roland wanted me to show you something. This way, please"

Luke and the rest of the group walked down the corridor until they came to a large window. It overlooked a large open space, with a large piece of metal jutting out into the center. The metal, which forked into two prongs towards the bottom, appeared to be held in place by a clamp. The captain of the ship said something quietly, then turned back to the group.

"Do you have contact with your ships?"

Luke nodded, as did the man in the black armor. R2 beeped and moved up closer to Luke, as an orange gauntlet appeared above the armored man's wrist.

The captain smiled. "We're going to be launching a ship to explore the system a bit. Mind letting your vessels know so they don't think we're trying to kill them?"

Luke was confused, but gestured to R2. A series of odd-sounding

twitters and whistles came out as he compressed the message into droidspeak and sent it back to the fleet. Suddenly, a massive crash sounded through the deck. Luke looked out the window in amazement as he realized he was looking into a massive hangar. The "pillar" he saw earlier was actually a frigate-sized vessel, which dropped through a now-open door in the floor of the ship. It disappeared out the door and into the inky blackness of space, as the Alliance and Citadel groups looked on in awe. Luke felt a rather strong burst of surprise from all present, save for the captain, who radiated only confidence and smugness. The man spoke up.

"Charon-class light frigate. We find them useful for exploration and evening a fight. They're also useful for more mundane things, like extra power when needed." The captain gestured back down the hallway, with a slight smile on his face.

"If you'll come this way, we can get this exchange started."

The group continued down the hallway that they had been following before, with everyone silently preparing. Luke stretched out with the Force, feeling a lot of tension, especially from the environment-suited alien with the Citadel group. Luke, curious, dug deeper, attempting to discover what was making her so anxious. He discovered knots of both hostility and fear directed at his droids and the ship's "AI". He pulled out, and began trying to access her memories, trying to find why she felt that way. As his mind worked

The group arrived at a door flanked by two heavily-armored soldiers. The door slid apart, revealing a rather minimalist conference room. It looked like the rest of the ship, filled with hard angles and exposed metal. Again, Luke thought of the Imperial ships that he had been inside. As the group walked in, he noticed with surprise that there was a banner with the Alliance's blood-red crest above one end of the table. Another banner, a blue triangle with several stars in the hollow, bottomless center hung over another end of the table, which appeared to surprise the other group. On the other side was a crest showing some sort of bird, its wings outstretched, with a shield and alien writing on the center. It was perched on a circle, with more alien writing on a line below. The captain sat at the head of the table, and gestured with his hands for the groups to sit down. Each group sat down by their respective banners, assuming that they indicated where to sit. The captain took his place at the table as the two soldiers outside walked in, flanking the door. The man leaned forward and spoke.

"Let's get started."

I would like to apologize again for the long period of time between this post and the last one. I'll be trying to get them up quicker soon. We'll be doing quick histories of each universe next chapter, and find out what's going on with the Borealis back in the Halo-verse. Thanks for reading!

End
file.